

IMPERIALE, A TRAGEDY.

Ovid, 2. Trist. ad Cæs. August.

Omne genus scripti gravitate Tragoedia vincit.



LONDON,

Printed by *Thomas Harper*, and are to be sold by *Robert
Pollard*, at his Shop behind the Old Exchange,
at the signe of *Ben: Janson*.

MDC LV.

IMPERIAL
A
TRAGEDY.

Omnia quae scripta sunt in hac Tragedia videntur
Ordo. 2. Tit. 1. Act. 1. Scen. 1.



LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Hawley, and are to be sold by Robert
Tollard, at his Shop behind the Old Exchange,
at the signe of Bees: London.

MDC L V.

To my ancient and learned Friend,
JOHN MORRIS, Esq.

SIR:



His Tragedy is now permitted, through the importunity of some friends, to appear abroad: chiefly to prevent a surreptitious publication intended from an erroneous Copy. And though I never design'd it to the open World, yet since it hath the fate to become publick, I know none to whom I can more fitly address it than to you, who, besides our ancient Friendship, have heretofore in a very learned Discourse, afforded it more than an ordinary approbation: which, but that it might have savoured of vain-glory in me, had for learnings sake accompani'd this to the light. But truly I am so far from seeking fame from hence, that I think it enough if I be vindicated from censure. And therefore to manifest how Antiquity hath valu'd this kinde of Argument, I have prefixed some testimonies, that the rigid men of our age, who will be ready to say, I have been too idly busi'd, may see what use the Græcians and Romans made of Tragedy to prevaile upon the affections of the people.

R. F.



To my learned and learned Friend,

JOHN MORRIS, Esq.

SIR:



His Tragedy is now permitted through
the importunity of some friends,
to appear abroad: chiefly to pre-
vent a surreptitious publication in-
tended from an erroneous Copy.
And though I never design'd it to the
open World, yet since it hath the fate to become
publick, I know none to whom I can more fully ad-
dress it than to you, who, besides our ancient friend-
ship, have heretofore in a very learned Discourse, af-
forded it more than an ordinary approbation: which,
but that it might have savoured of vain-glory in me,
had for I might sake accompanied this to the light.
But truly I am loth from seeking fame from hence,
that I think it enough if I be vindicated from censure.
And therefore to manifest how Avidity hath vail'd
this kind of Argument, I have prefixed some testi-
monies, that the rigid men of our age, who will be
ready to say, I have been too idly busy, may see
what use the Grecians and Romans made of Trage-
dy to prevail upon the affections of the people.

R. F.

Aristoteles de Poetica, cap. 10.

Hἡ ἱστορία καὶ ἡ ποιησις, ἐν τῷ ἡμιμυθεῖ λέγουσιν ἡ ἀμείνων
 αἰσθητικῶν ἀλλὰ τὰς ἀποφάσεις, τὰς δὲ καὶ τὰ γινόμενα
 λέγειν, τὴν δὲ αἰὶν ἔχειν. Διὰ καὶ φιλοσοφικώτερά καὶ ἀποδοτικώ-
 τερα ποιησις ἱστορίας ἐστίν.

History and Poësie (wherein he preferres Tragedy)
 differ not in that the one is written in Prose, the
 other in Verse: but in this, that the one represents things
 as they be, the other as they may, or ought to be. And there-
 fore Poësie is a thing more Philosophicall and grave, than
 History.

Plutarchus de gloria Atheniensium.

Hὄντι δὲ ἡ τραγωδία καὶ μισθοδία, διαμεινόντων ἀνθρώπων
 καὶ ἡ αἰὶν ἡ δὲ ἀνθρώπων γινόμενα, δεῖ.
 Ἄνθρωπος δὲ ἡ ἀνθρώπων ἡ δὲ ἀνθρώπων γινόμενα, δεῖ.
 Ἄνθρωπος δὲ ἡ ἀνθρώπων ἡ δὲ ἀνθρώπων γινόμενα, δεῖ.
 Ἄνθρωπος δὲ ἡ ἀνθρώπων ἡ δὲ ἀνθρώπων γινόμενα, δεῖ.
 Ἄνθρωπος δὲ ἡ ἀνθρώπων ἡ δὲ ἀνθρώπων γινόμενα, δεῖ.
 Ἄνθρωπος δὲ ἡ ἀνθρώπων ἡ δὲ ἀνθρώπων γινόμενα, δεῖ.
 Ἄνθρωπος δὲ ἡ ἀνθρώπων ἡ δὲ ἀνθρώπων γινόμενα, δεῖ.
 Ἄνθρωπος δὲ ἡ ἀνθρώπων ἡ δὲ ἀνθρώπων γινόμενα, δεῖ.

Tragedy florished and was in highest esteem; the hearing
 and sight whereof did wonderfully delight the men of
 those times.

For as the accounts bee made of the charge the Athenians
 were at in adorning their Dramatick Poems, it will ap-

praise that the Baccha, Phœnix, Oedipi, Antigona, the cruel-
 eliest of *Stelen* and *Electra*, consumed more treasures, than
 their wars undertaken against Barbarians for liberty and
 Empire.

Idem de Vita X. Orat.

Λυσιπποῦς ἐπὶ νύκτι ὡς χελαῖς ἐκείνας ἀναλίσκει τῇ Παιδείᾳ,
 Αἰσχύλῳ, Σοφοκλέῳ, Εὐριπίδῃ, καὶ τὰς τραγῳδίας αὐτῶν ἐν
 κοινῷ, ὡς ἐκείνους φυλάττειν, καὶ ὅτι ἡ πόλις ὡς μάλιστα
 παρασπινώσκειν τοῖς γὰρ ὑποκειμένοις ἐκτείνει αὐτὰς ὑπο-
 κρινέσθαι.

Id: Ycargus ordained that Patrons of the Arts should be re-
 spected to the memory of the Poets; *Aeschylus*, *Sophocles*,
 and *Euripides*; and that their Tragedies should be carefully
 preserved, and often publicly read by the Rotary of the City;
 when Stage-players were not permitted to act them.

Delium in praefatione ad Senecae Tragedias.

Non *Marcus Varronem*, non *duos Julius Caesares*, non
Augustum Octavianum, non *Scaurum*, non *Thraseam*,
quidam nihil gravius vidit orbis Romani, *hanc* *Scripturam*
subserui ad horam impendere potuit.

Heinsius de consuet. Traga. cap. I.

Non pauca in Tragediae constitutione concurrunt: nam
 & eloquentia & opus, & quidam tractat nage quicquam
 a Rhetoribus est distans, quod non locum habent in illis. Jam
 prudentia civilis, ubi magis requiritur & non modo sen-
 tentia & gnosis sed cum consilia tractantur.

Drum.

Dramatis Personæ.

Angelo, } two slaves.
Melisso, }
Imperiale, a Senator of Genua.
Spinola, a Noble man of Genua, and a Soldier.
Justiniano, a Noble man of Genua, and a Schollar.
Ferdinando, a Brave.
Doria, a Prince in Genua.
Francisco, Spinola's sonne.
Judge.
Doctor.
Wittolles, 2.
Evagrios, } Kinmen of Spinola.
Fidèle, }
Officers.
Friends, 2.
Honorio, Imperiale's Wife.
Angelica, her Daughter.
Nugella, the Waiting-woman.
Cook.
Cater.
Porter.
Chorus.

The Argument.

Imperiale & Spinola Nollemen of Genua, having been ancient Enemies, and lately reconciled by the mediation of Justiniano, a friend to both; Spinola endeavored to marry his Sonne Francisco to Angelica Daughter of Imperiale; but finding his Son rejected, and Doria entertained, by that conceived affront, accompanied with other jealousies, suspects the old enmity not fully eradicated from the breast of Imperiale, and moved with indignation, hired a Brave to kill him in a crowd at a Festivall: this being accidentally discovered by Sango, Spinola's slave, hee reveales it to Molosso, Imperiale's slave, as acceptable news to him, who had waited an opportunity to be revenged on his Patron for severe and unusual punishment, inflicted upon him. Molosso to ingratiate himselfe with his Lord, thereby to worke a greater mischief, not only reveales the plot to him, but discovers the same upon Spinola's owne Son, at which unexpected encounter, Spinola through rage falls into a strange kind of distraction, but at length being an eye-witness of the misery which through the cruelty of the slaves befall Imperiale, his wife Honoria, Angelica, and Doria, hee recovers his senses, and turns his fury into compassion.

AEHm

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Sango, Melosso.

TIs true *Melosso*, fortune hath prepar'd
A full revenge for thee without thy hazard,
And ere the rising Sun shall yet decline,
Imperiale, thy proud Lord, shall fall
As low as hell; one unexpected blow
Shall recompence those many he gave thee;
When imitating forreigne cruelty,
He bound thee fast, and made thy feet an Anvill.

Mel. Sango, If thou contemplating our friendship,
Begotten first by consanguinity,
And since confirm'd by our joynt sufferings heere,
Hast undertaken some bold stratagem
Against my Patron to revenge my wrongs,
Thy great affection may but ruine me;
Delay not then to make me understand
Thy full intent: beleeve it will be vaine,
Our sword once drawn, to thinke to sheath againe.

San. Then know the plot is more securely layd,
Than my weak means. (although my will be strong)
Could ever reach, without my certaine death;
And by strange chance I did discover it
Without the Actors knowledge; thou hast heard
Of the old deadly feud betwene our Lords,
Which wound, although it were in shew heal'd up,
Is broken out afresh; it was not well seatcht,

IMPERIALE,

For the last night, at setting of the Sun,
A household businesse call'd me to the Garden,
Where in the thicket near the Arbour, lying
To rest my selfe, I quickly fell asleep,
Into which Arbour in the mean time came
My Patron with a Brave accompanied,
A fellow expert in that *Mystery*:
At their first entrance to the place I wak'd;
But durst not stir, for had I, death had seiz'd me;
There was I privy to their whole discourse,
Which was in bridle but this, that for the summe
Of fifteen hundred crownes, thy Patrons life
Is sold, and must ere noone be snatch't away. (awake,
Mo. Sure thou didst dream, thou wert not thoroughly
For though our Lords were lately reconcil'd,
Mine keeps a carefull watch, and never stirs
Out of the City, where he knows he's safe.

San. Hee'l be deceiv'd, the rareness of the plot
Did please beyond the deare and long'd for Act;
Heer's the designe, this b'ing a solemne day
Annually observed by the State,
In memory of a publick benefite
Received by the private care of one
Of thy Lords Ancestours, will draw all sorts
Of people to the Temple, where the Brave
(Wearing a Spanish Cloake, but under it
The habit of a Peasant, is resolv'd
To watch *Imperiale*, and keep neare him,
And when the usuall Ceremonies are done,
In the confused Crowd his cunning hand
Shall guide a poyson'd dagger to his heart,
And in an instant, letting fall his Cloake,

Which

Which shall be large to hide his rustick habit,
 He, with the rest, will stand about the body
 And wring his hands at th' horror of the fact.
 And thus the Brave shall thy parbravely act.
 What? silent? not affected with a joy
 Should ravish thee? and swell thy veins with pleasure,
 Like to the Estrich in the act of lust?

Mo. Light joyes are easily vented; such as this
 Is entertained with an extasie,
 And by degrees exprest; but as the full
 Fruition of a thing we most delight in
 Is checkt with dayly feare of losing it,
 So find I now my rising heart kept down
 With doubt of such a wished happinesse.

San. Had'st thou, as I beheld the Actors looks,
 When he declar'd his resolution,
 To my attentive *Patron*, thou wouldst rest
 Assur'd of the event, and swear he needed
 No other weapon to destroy a man;
 His eyes would have out-star'd a Basilisk,
 They were two Comets that are surely fatall.

Mo. May they portend more mischief to this House;
 Than those that blasted ours and our whole Country.
 But in this strong desire of a revenge,
 Discretion must direct our passion;
 And therefore let it be thy chiefest care
 Neither in word, nor gesture, to disclose
 Thy fortunate discovery, till the end
 Shall crown the worke, and banish all our fears;
 My taske shall be to make it profitable
 No lesse than pleasant, by his foreknown fall
 Wee'l raise our selves to wealth and liberty,

IMPERIALE,

The great allurements of those bold attempts,
Wherein the Vassall dares affront his Lord,
And quite shake off the yoke of his subjection,
When he; whose wilfull power rul'd all men, shall
Find both his will and power ore-rul'd by all.

Sang. Our Magnifico's think us flegmatick rascals;
Created but for blows, and scorne, so far
In love with fervitude, as scarce to wish
Revenge or freedome.

Mol. They shall finde at length
Patience opprest will into fury turne;
Nature, in spite of fortune gave us mindes
That cannot like our bodies be inthrall'd;
But soft, I doubt our early privacy
May render us suspected; leave to me
The manage of th' affaire; do thou rely
Upon the dumb-mans vertue, secrecy.

Aetus Primus. Scena Secunda.

Spinola, Justiniano.

THe hatefull sound of *Imperiale's* name
Would strike me deafe, my deare *Justinian*,
Were it not temper'd by thy gentle tongue,
That had the Art to make m'embrace and trust
A reconciled foe, who hath rejected
With scorn my hopefull son, as if his birth,
Fortune, and parts, had not deserv'd that flint
His gilded daughter; but I tax not thee,
Whose friendship is a gem without a foile,

And

A Tragedy.

And hardly can be valu'd, never matcht :
I know thy milder studies chiefly bent
To weed out rancour from the miades of men,
Smoothing rough nature with morality,
And this becomes Philosophers : but I
That do professe the Art of killing men,
Encourag'd by all States, impos'd by some
Must follow other precepts : he is sure
Of many wrongs, that will but one endure.

Just. Thy Character of me, lov'd *Spinola*,
Thus far I may without vain-glory owne,
Truly to love my friend, yet hate no man;
And since mine owne experience findes how well
Thou dost the one, I would perswade the other ;
Nor would I now convert thee to a Stoicke,
To make thee thinke there are no injuries,
Or if there be, that wise men cannot feele 'em,
These I confesse, are not compatible
With thy condition; on the other side,
I can encourage none, much lesse my friend,
To take a scandall, when there is none given;
To call that injury, which is in truth
A liberty that every man may challenge;
Or if *Imperial* ought r'have wav'd the same,
Yet since the will is free, thou couldst expect
But fatherly perswasion, to incline
Th' affections of his daughter, all the rest
Is ravishment, or tyranny at best.

Spin. I know not how the rigid Schools define
A fathers power, in their beg'd principles,
As if the freedome of the will extended
To silly wenches, to restrain the power

IMPERIALE,

Of them that gave them first and second being;
No, it was only his inveterate malice,
That closely lurk't under a new faign'd friendship,
That stuck on me and mine this contumely,
Which ought to be resent'd far above
An injury, by any generous spirit.

Just. Let it be what thy fancy apprehends,
Which scarce appears in the least circumstance,
Yet generous spirits at poore contumelies,
As seldome stoope, as Eagles do to Flyes.

Spi. What is there that should wound an active spirit,
Like base contempt?

Just. The guilt of one base act.

Spi. Should we not then be jealous of our fame?

Just. If we within find cause of jealousy.

Spi. Reports may brand, although they be untrue.

Just. Yes, those that take their honour upon trust.

Spi. Our honour by opinion must subsist.

Just. Then every puffe of winde will scatter it:

How can we call that ours, which must depend
On the fash will, and vainer voyce of others?
But herein thou most slight'st thy selfe, to doubt
Thou canst be undervalued by any,
Much more condemn'd, by him that dares not thinke
Himselfe to be the worthier, but that thou
Suggests it for him, in thy vain suspicion:
They that believe themselves despis'd, confesse
An inward doubt of their owne worthinesse.

Spi. I am not for my part ambitious
Of the dull fame of stupid patience,
To seeke to be admir'd for being scorn'd,
Like *Cato* that could let one spirit in's face,

And

And when he should have wip'd off the disgrace
With his sharp Sword, he did it with a Jest
And his soft handkerchiefe: This was that spirit
Thou list'st above great Alexander's merit.

Just. I, and above the glory of Hercules,
Or what bold *Grace* hath left in Histories
Of her great Captaines, to their endlesse fame,
They Monsters, Kingdomes, and their lusts o'recame:
Cato fought not with Beasts, nor did live when
'Twas thought that Heaven might be born up by men,
But in an age when (barbarisme b'ing fled)
All industry and learning flourished;
And in that time did bravely set upon
That Monster, in many shapes, *Ambition*
With all the crimes of *Rome*, and when the State
Was ready ev'n to sink with its owne weight;
He it supported with his onely hand;
And did (as much as one man could) withstand
Romes instant fate, till forc't to let her go
He became partner in her overthrow;
And so one ruine did them both oppresse,
Whom to have sever'd had been wickednesse;
For was it fit that liberty should dye
And *Cato* live? That had been contumely;
Not the purgation of a mouth that might
As well have done the Sun or Moone despite:
But I will leave thee to thy thoughts awhile,
For wholesome counsell like safe Physick is,
Unpleasant in the taste, and must have time
To worke upon th' humour; thou that art master
Of so much worth, wilt master in the end
Those passions that with reason now contend.

IMPERIALE,

Actus Primus. Scena Tertia.

Spinola.

I Must needs make a strong pretence to worth;
That dare pretend, *Justinian*, to thy love;
But when I finde how much I violate
The sacred lawes of friendship, that refuse
To anatomize my very Soule to thee;
I am compel'd to acknowledge mine owne shame;
Or to suspect thy known fidelity:
The plot, wherewith I labour, can admit
No counsell, but a necessary faith
In the bold Actor, whose subsistence binds him
To resolution, and to secrecy;
All friendly trust is folly, every man
Hath one, to whom he will commit as much
As is to him committed: our designs,
When once they creep from our own private breasts,
Do in a moment through the City flye,
Who tells his secret sells his liberty:
But shall I suffer this black treachery
To boyle within my doubtfull breast? mischief
Though it be safe can never be secure;
Or shall I ease my thoughts, and give it vent?
Yes; prick a full swoln bladder to relax it,
Or bore a hole in the bottome of the ship
To coole a Calenture? dull foole, thy life
Is with thy same concern'd: besides the base
Rejection of thy Son (lodg'd deeply here)
He wrought the Senate to conferre the charge

Of our late ayding, *Alas, how much we have*
 On rash *Alas, how much we have*
 Be confident he shal duell often *Alas, how much we have*
 T'affront thee, meant to prosecute thy ruine,
 And 'tis no greater hazard to attempt
 Death, than disgrace, that makes life contemptible.
 On then, be bold and secret, *Alas, how much we have*
 So shalt thou reap the double benefit
 Of safety and revenge, all which *Alas, how much we have*
 Is counted virtue when it is *Alas, how much we have*
 Be not by any reconciliation led
 To trust thy foe, th'art safe when he is dead.

Actus Primus, Scena Quarta.

Imperiale, Honorio, Angelica, Nuzella attending.

HOW comes it dear, that the clear sky, thy looks
 Is suddenly o're-cast? what mysty vapour
 Hath caus'd those stormy clouds? can bright *Alas, how much we have*
 Rise cheerfully from striv'd *Alas, how much we have*
 And thou so discontentedly from mine
 But I'll not doubt the cause to spring from mee,
 Rather from feare of young Prince *Alas, how much we have*
 Whose great affaires perhaps have made him stretch
 His promise to the utmost, nor break
 Though he could not prevent our expectation,
 Hee'l not deceiv' but like the approaching sun,
 Will soon expell these mists, and cheer our hearts.
Hon. I am sollicitous, I must confesse
 Of his returne, whom we have long expected,

IMPERFECT

To whom we have deliv'd our only daughter,
 And with her both our fortunes and our life;
 But the true cause of all this disturbance
 Which you discover in my countenance,
 Is a strange dream (heaven make it but a dream)
 And I perhaps should but have thought it so;
 Had not my daughter, even this very night,
 And the same house as now we stand in,
 With the like vision been afflicted;
 Me thought we had been in our house
 Bred up so tame that all this while
 Which like a dog would follow them that eat him,
 Till on a time accompani'd with another
 Of his own race, he rush'd into the chamber
 Where I together with my daughter sat;
 There they resum'd their native cruelty;
 The one assaulted her, the other me,
 And tearing first our jewels from our necks,
 They made us both at length their fatal prey.
Ans. O how the terror of this dreadful vision
 Affrights my soul! I tremble when I think on't:
 Me thought the heatstrings of Prince *Norm* crack'd
 At the dire news, it prov'd the overthrow
 Of our whole Family; we suffer but with
 The Savage Excessions of some
 Seem'd to be Beasts, creatures as bloody as Wolves.
Imp. It is no wonder that your dreams concern'd
 Since there is that relation in your blood;
 I must believe, you had the day before
 Communicated some sad thoughts together,
 Which in the night your wakeful phantasies
 From a like temperance of brains receiv'd

Into like forms, suggesting that for truth
Which is artless her fond imagination
What can be vainer than a womans dream?
'Tis less to be regarded than her tears,
Which are prepar'd to flow at her command.

Hon. Cass and his true predilections were despis'd.

Imp. And well they might, had Troy bin provident.

How. Many at length deplore their unbelief.

Imp. But more famous, their rash credulity

How. Future events by dreams have bin reveal'd.

mp. So did old wifards doubtful things unfold

By flights of birds, such witchcrafts now are cens'd.

And we from those dark errors are released

To talk of visions is an indiscretion.

Practis'd by Children, and distinguish'd persons:

Go then, prepare your selves for solid joy.

On this day the Republic yearly pays

A retribution to our Family

And as I hear (the time being now)

Some myrth shall season our solemnity.

If *Doria* come today as expected.

To morrow nothing shall be heard of me

But songs of *Hymen* and *Trilby*...

How. Never could I ever hear of such a

To be deceiv'd, b'ing m'ed v'ly

4th Midway Academy, Ga.

I or others lose themselves in labyrinthine
 mazes, or be removed, who would only
 Not grove unskillful, when the forest doubts
 He shall be chain'd from mischief, and to me
 Him will I lead to my own Galleys, where
 Reflect his late sharp caligations;

Alme Primogenita Dei

O Wretched state of man, to whom the time
 By nature made for ease, is found unquiet
 Sleep, properly call'd rest, who can express
 How restless it becomes through various dreams
 Which are so strongly formed by the fancy
 That though they be most false, and when we wake
 Should wholly vanish, yet even then they leave
 A deep impression in the troubled mind
 Nor does this only happen to weak womers
 But unto men of speciall understanding
 Working upon their hopes as well as fears
 Who many times to their confusion
 Have by such drowie errors bin seduc'd
 Hence did *Aquila* venture to assault
 Strong *Syracuse*, deluded by a dream
 But though it be a folly beyond pardon
 To venture life, or fortune in pursuit
 Of such a vanity, yet in all things
 Abundant warnings can never hurt
 My slave may not untruly be compar'd
 To a tame Wolfe or Bear, who may perchance
 Resent his late sharp castigation;
 Him will I send to my own Galley, where
 He shall be chain'd from mischief, and to me
 Not prove unusefull, when the smallest doubt
 May easly be remov'd, who would omit it?
 Let others lose themselves in labyrinths

Of hidden superstition, and believe
The ayre to be replenished with spirits,
Who by a naturall and inherent vertue
Foreseeing things to come, and taking pity
Upon improvident man, reveale by visions
The dangers that approach, to ch' end he may
By timely care prevent his misery,
Ile not depend on such *inintelligence*
Tinforme me whether *Spino* be both buried,
Or only hid, his long continued malice,
Ile fetch my preservation nearer, hence
That shall conserve this individuall
No man can suffer ill but from himselfe:
Fate onely awes the slothfull, *wisdomes Barres*
The powerfull operation of the starres.

Chorus of two.

I *Hofa men that mischief, do devise,
Had need to borrow Argus eyes
To looke about, a poore slave may
By chance lye hid, and then betray*

*2 within the house they may seeth,
That walls and beds may them detest,
And in the field they must provide,
That not a bush a spy may bide.*

*1 And albeit they shut the doore,
Having well searcht the house before,
Yet they may be betray'd: for proofe,
Jove in a house did never see the roffe.*

IMPERIALLE,

2 Though in the field no tree, nor bush,
Nor bird be neare, nor wilde beast,
Yet undisfearn'd a fairy doth
Their whole discourse may heare and tell

1 Then since this member be so full
To our black crimes can safely hold,
Let us be vertuous, and not false
What all the world will see or know

2 Our dreams are often found to be
Fruits of a wandering thought,
Yet many times they are wise and
Sure pledges of eternall life

3 Some men believe too much, and some
Conceive no truthes by dreams and visions;
It is a knowledge given to few
To find if they be false or true

2 Then as it is a rash mistifion
To count each idle dreame a vision;
So 'tis an error at the least
To think all visions are true

Actus secundus. Secunda Prima.

Francisco.

C An no advice of friends, nor mine own reason
Held me from strong pursuit of what I finde
Can

Can never be obtain'd? am I so stupid
 After so many scornes not to desist?
 An arrow shot may sooner be recal'd
 Then her affection, *in Apennine, the Alpes*
 Will eas'lier be removed then her Father:
 Feed not thy self, fond soole, with desperate hopes:
 But shall I, arm'd with powerfull love, consult
 With cold deliberation, the weake Childe
 Of feeble age? the towering Eagle may
 More eas'ly be confin'd within high walls,
 Than that wing'd boy, that hover'd over Chaos
 Be ty'd to humane possibilities:
 What transformations did the antique Poets
 Affirme to have been wrought on men and Gods
 By his sole deity: which *Jove* himselfe
 His frequent *passime* found; what guards, what spies,
 He hath deceiv'd and fore't, the fiery Bull,
 The wakefull Dragon, and glaz'd Argus witness.
 Though she that's truly nam'd *Angelica*
 Should now abhor my person; love can lend thee
 The shape of him she loves; were she averse
 From all mankind, if she like any thing
 She may at length be brought to dote on thee:
 But may I not be tax'd of too much sloth,
 Neglecting active industry, & expect
 To be assisted by such miracles?
 I yet have only trod the beaten path
 Of vowed service, friends good will, and Jointure
 The elder Brothers formall evidence:
 I am so far from practising the art
 Of spels and philters, I have quite omitted
 Corruption of her confidants and servants:

IMPERIALE,

I am too cheape a lover and too faine,
 And hitherto have taught her to deny
 By easie asking; I must let her know
 What I dare doe: my Father is incens'd
 At my repulse, his old suppress'd hate
 Renewes it selfe; hee'll rather t'end
 To match me with a fury, than wish her
 It will be wisdom to decline th' alliance
 Of him thy Father counts his enemy;
 It would be wretchednesse to make thy love
 Depend upon th' affections of another:
 He never lov'd that can for any cause
 Suspend his love: set then before thine eyes
 Valiant *Achilles*, who acquir'd more honour
 By constancy, even to his enemies daughter,
 In spite of th' opposition of his friends,
 Then ere he did by *Hectors* overthrow:
 Redeeme the time *Francisco*, though't be short,
 And let this one day satisfie the losse
 Of weeks and moneths; her father keeps a slave,
 A cunning *African*, whose very soule
 For money, and hope of liberty I'll buy,
 Him will I straight imploy; love ne're refuses
 The basest instruments, if they be usefull,
 A drudge may finde more corners in the house
 Than ere the Master knew, and may discover
 A secret inlet to betray a City;
 There will I now begin, he shall advise
 Where I shall plant my golden batteries.

A Tragedy
Albus Secundus. Scena Secunda
Imperiale. Adolfo.

I Am with wonder stricken, not with feare,
At thy relation of this barbarous plot,
Contriv'd against my life, after faith given
Of firm attonement: but the Leopards spots,
Or stains of Virgin honour may as soon
Be wip't away, as hatred that hath seiz'd
A cankred breast; this machination
Is so inhumane, that to lend it credit
Is a degree to inhumanity.
Mol. To give slow faith to such a horrid plot
Becomes a heart so full of piers;
But in this black designe many presumptions
Unite themselves to fortifie beliefs;
Nor is it to be thought, the wretch durst faine it
Giving so short a time to be disprov'd;
The heavens forbid your veruous diffidence
Should leave you to the hazard: I must count
This blis't discovery, a large recompence
Of former ill's fortune hath thrown on me.
For I am bold to hope, it will by you
Be graciously accepted, though I finde
Some late unhappy errors have inford,
Your patience to inflict just punishment
On him that is your slave, and might expect
The restless misery of the painfull cure,
With all the wants that ever were sustain'd
In a remorseless Galley; but your goodnesse

IMPERIALE,

(In spite of fate that meant all this) is pleas'd
 To give ~~me~~ shelter under your own roof,
 And to the emulation of my fellows
 To grant the favour of your household service;
 A bondage which I truly may prefer
 Above the common peoples liberty
 These are the benefits, that invite my soul
 To meditate your preservation,
 Which ere I cease to do, *Tiber* and *Rhene*
 Shall quite abandon fertile *Italy*,
 And wash th' *Arabian* sands; though I am rude,
 I must abhor man's shame, Ingratitude.

Imp. Fortune and thy integrity have found
 A weighty occasion, to confirm and fix thee
 With roots of adamant, in my good opinion:
 Nor doth it happen often to a servant,
 T' enjoy the happy means t' account himself
 The saviour of his Master: Kings are born
 More frequently, than such examples found;
 But if to this obliging benefit
 Thy pregnant industry can add a second,
 The matchless to direct upon himself;
 Thou, having sav'd me now, shalt crown me then.

Mol. Great Sir; you owe the thanks of what's yet
 To chance alone; I am ambitious
 Of something that might merit, if at least
 The diligence and industry of one
 Of my condition, may deserve that title.

Imp. It may, it may; great merit is in story
 Ascrib'd sometimes to bondmen; all our souls
 Are free and equal, thence our merits flow:
 Why should the person vilifie the work,

And

And not the worke rather ennoble him;
It is the benefit we looke upon,
And not the givers meane condition.

Mol. I have a ripe designe that shall both give
Assurance of the truth of what I brought,
And powre the vengeance on your enemy;
Nor can it ever be discovered
To hurt your fame; it shall amaze the actor,
And shall be speedy too; things of long time
Are ever doubtfull, lost in expectation,
Propounded usually for private ends,
Gain'd by degrees, an acceptable deed
Hath double welcome, when 'tis done with speed.

Imp. Noble *Molosso*, such thy vertues make thee,
Proceed with Courage in thy enterprife,
Which I'll not presse to know, till the event,
But by implicit trust freely declare
What confidence I meane to place in thee;
And take from me this just incouragement
To rest assur'd, thy service hath not met
With an ungratefull Master: I shall never
Forgive my late credulity, that meant
T'have added to his former punishment.

Actus Secundus. Scena Tertia.

Molosso, Sango, Francisco.

HEe's now made sure, I must with speed find out
Yong *Spinola*, and speak with *Sango* too,
Behold 'hem both together, & will succeed.

IMPERIALE,

San. See where *Moloss* comes, *Sir*, how do you do?

Fran. O 'tis hee.

How is't *Moloss*? thy face hath business in't,
w^h utd thou wert at leysure.

Mol. My toyl'd body
Will not admit a cheerfull countenance;
But I can throw off care, if you command.

Fran. Wouldst thou embrace redemption?

Mol. Aske me whether
I would not wish some shade if I were broyl'd
Upon the *Lybian* Sands, where *Cancer* reignes:
But *Sir*, if I mistake not, you sustaine
A greater servitude, yet seek not freedome.

Fran. Thou wouldst perswade me to shake off Loves

Mol. Rather to change them into chains of Gold,
To wealth and ornament; it may be done
Without your *Chymisall* projection.

Fra. Thou shouldst not stand in need of that; ev^{er}
Could this be effected.

Mol. *Sir* I have no art,
Nor leysure to discourse, but I have heard
There is by fate an opportunity
Allotted every man, to make him rich
And happy too, provided he take hold,
And I am confident that's offer'd you.

Fra. What? to enjoy divine *Angelica*?
No treasure else can make me rich or happy.

Mol. When she is brought into your own possession,
You can but blame your selfe if she depart.

Fra. I shall destroy my selfe if then she scape.
But how? prithy convey thy joyfull newes
Into me by a reverend secrecie,

That

That I may be all eare, while thou art whispering;
They whisper.

San. What plot should this be now? I long to know;
Moleſſo doubts some accident may happen
Upon his Masters death, and wisely seeks
To gaine a friend, under whose safe protection
He may be sheltred from a sudden storme;
I have an equal share in the successe
Of his designs; his preservation's mine,
And therefore need not be inquisitive,
Th'assured fate of his obdurate Lord
May make that good he promiseth; the daughter,
If once the father were remov'd, perhaps
Would entertain new thoughts, me thinks she should
Be sensible of *Doria's* neglects:
Who can condemn this yong mans hot desire?
Were I as free, as noble as himselſe,
I should most willingly become her slave,
And I do hate my forc'd condition
For no one ill so much, as that it brings
Despaire of such transcendent happinesse.

Fra. I'm raviſht with it, 'tis the spiritfull child
Of thine owne brain, and will not brooke delay;
Mol. That's true: I'll see that all things be prepar'd:
If the least wheele be out of frame, the watch
Is altogether uselesse.

Fra. Winde it up;
That I may observe each minute of the time
That is the *Cryſis* of my life or death:
First take a taste of my ensuing bounty,
It may relieve thee, should we be discover'd;

IMPERIALE,

If by this plot my present hopes succeed,
All future Lovers shall thy story read.

Actus Secundus. Scena Quarta.

Sango, Molisso.

I See thou hast a golden plot in hand,
Thou must impart.

Mol. Halfe this is due to thee.

By our establisht law of equall fortunes,

San. I would I might share with *Francisco* too.

Mol. That riddle quickly will unfold it selfe:

But Sango I'm glad I met thee, I was forc't

For some important reasons to reveale

The weighty secret to my Patron. San. How?

Mol. I was compell'd to do't.

San. What? to disclose it?

And unto him? Is this your dumb mans vertue?

Canst thou so soon forget thine own vile wrongs?

Ha's the dull ayre of *Europe* chill'd thy blood?

For thy sole cause I hardly could containe

My present joy in the discovery,

Though death stood gaping for me while I heard it,

And would'st thou cowardly betray thy fortune?

Mol. My obligation to my stars, and thee

Their *Mercury*, can never be exprest;

Which I have husbanded to my advantage:

It is the ground from whence I'll take my rise,

To leape, and fall like dreadful thunder on him;

It is not vengeance, but soft piety

To with a foes death, when he's fit to die,
To let him live, and feeble himselfe so wretched,
That he shall seeke and sue for absent death,
Is a revenge becomes me, and I'll have it;
Thou know'st my Patrons former trust was chang'd
Into a suddaine jealousy, which sprang
From conscioufnesse of his base injuries;
This hath remov'd that doubt, and set me right
In his lost good opinion, which I meane
Still to confirme by my strict diligence,
Till time and opportunity shall shew,
How far this petty mischief I'll out-goe.

San. Now are thy thoughts full plum'd, it pleases me
To see thee mount, not flag in thy revenge;
I must confesse, I love a present mischief;
But, if it may conduce to thy brave ends,
To make a feign'd retreat, and then returne
With greater violence, I must consent,
And when th' art ready for thy great assault,
But, this, and I shall joyne, in the meane time
Let nothing be discover'd to my Patron;
If that be, death's the best I can expect.

Mol. Rest thou secure and to expresse my thanks
It shall not be the least part of my plot,
To give thee meanes to gaine the full fruition
Of her, that *Garrus* so admires and strives for.

San. Can there be hope of such a happiness?

Mol. I, and a good assurance of successe.

San. I shall embrace with all the circumstance
Of danger, that bold treason undergoes,
Or what accompanies forbidden love
In the most jealous climes, I should desire

IMPERIALE,

In the fruition of such blisse t' expire,
Mol. Stoufly resolv'd, come, let us lay our ground,
 We shall build sure, when our foundation's found.

Actus secundus. Scena Quinta.

Verdugo.

Under a homely habit many times,
 Vertue lies hid; this rustick weed conceales
 An Engine, that can frustrate *Providence*
 When I attempt the death of any man;
 No Towne of Garrison, nor his owne house;
 Nor any place of sanctuary can save him:
 Nor doe's my praise consist in this alone,
 That I command the life of whom I list;
 A desperate wretch may claime that priviledge;
 He that is weary of his owne, may be
 Lord of anothers life; but such attempts
 Hatch't only by a phrensie seldome prosper:
 My actions are the fruits of a bold spirit,
 Temper'd with judgement, done with secrecy;
 Hence is our brave profession found to be
 Offspeciall use to aw the insolent,
 And secure those that seeke to live in peace.
 What satisfaction is it to a man
 That receives wrong, to call his enemy forth,
 And then expose himselfe to equall hazard?
 Or in strict Common-wealths t' appeale to Law,
 As if a fain'd submission in ser words
 Could cure the piercing sting of injury;

No,

A Tragedy.

No, 'tis assurance of a close revenge
That plants civility, deters and keeps men
From giving, and from suffering affronts;
This benefit we bring to every man,
Yes, and the publick States of *Italy*,
How e're they censure our particular actions,
Receive no small security from us;
Treason would hardly finde just punishment
Within their narrow territories, if we
Should not, like eager hounds, pursue the Traitors,
And make them know, that in another Country
The justice of their own can overtake 'em;
Let then the slothfull tax us, that our ends
Are not the publick good, but private gaine,
Which we preferre above mankind; this is
But what's objected to the Souldier; he
Will fight against his Brother for reward;
Men ought to follow their vocation;
The fountaine of our livelihood is profit,
Without which, honour challenging the skill
To nourish Arts, cannot provide us clothes;
Nor vertue, noys'd to be the greatest good,
Procure us bread. Nor yet is our profession
More cruell then the gravest; I have heard
Of Lawyers that are priviledg'd to cut
Their clients throats, with a perplex Indenture,
A parchment Saw. The learn'd Physitian,
Following the long and beneficiall way
Of reverend *Galen*, by degrees will purge
The humours of his Patient, till he leaves
Nothing but bones, for death and hungry worms
To gnaw upon; as for his pliant skin,

E

That,

IMPERIALE,

That, while he lives, by pieces is pull'd off,
Till he be wholly flea'd: the Usurer,
Is't not his use to binde men first in bonds,
And bring 'hem then to execution,
Extending both their bodies and their lands
Upon a rack? we are more pittifull,
And by an unexpected way dispatch
Quicker than lightning, or a cunning heads-man,
For all the ill of death is apprehension;
How's *Imperiale* wrong'd, if when he hath
But newly said his prayers, I release him
From the ensuing miseries of age?
And when that work's perform'd, my charity
May do as much for *Spinola* himselfe,
Provided I be offer'd like conditions,
My hand of justice is not partiall.
But soft, this pleasing contemplation
May make m'omit the time of action,
Which now draws neare; my plot is so contriv'd,
That being pursu'd with resolution,
It cannot want successe; our best designes
Are often crost, when through a fond remorse
We change our counsels: few have learn'd the skill
To be or wholly good, or wholly ill.

Chorus of two.

1. **F**ond youth to hope, where no hope is,
And to be brought to place thy trust
On him, that makes deceit his blisse,
And counts it folly to be just:
Goe wash an *Ethiop* white, and finde
Faith harbour'd in a slavish minde.

A Tragedy.

1 Love wanting eyes makes all men blinde,
That to his power submit their wils;
No counsell can acceptance finde,
But such as their owne lusts fulfill.

To be in love, and to be wise,
Apollo to himselfe denies.

1 When he that hath receiv'd harme,
Requites it with pretended love,
We must believe, tis but a charme,
Quick-ey'd suspicion to remove.

Some may doe good for good, few will
Be brought to render good for ill.

2 Is it not strange to find a Trade,
Will aſt what our Revenge devises?
To see such formall bargains made
To kill, or wound at severall prices?
At which those publique States connive.
That doe by private faction thrive.

2 But though some doe commit these crimes,
Yet let not us believe we may
Only cry out against the times,
And be our selves as bad as they;
But let our Vertuous deeds prevent
Both theirs, and our owne punishment.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Angelica, Nugella.

A Lthough my father hath resolv'd all doubts
My reason could object; yet still I feele

IMPERIALLE,

A chilling vapour hover in my breast,
Which many times breaks forth in suddaine sighs,
For which I can assigne no other cause,
Than that the world cannot afford a Joy.
Unmixt with reall or supposed sorrow;
Hence is it that most Brides are found to weepe,
Yet know not why, upon their wedding day.

Nug. Such follies are too common, I confesse,
But should I have the happinesse to see
Yong *Hymen* in his yellow socks my guest,
I'd entertaine him with no other teares
Than such as from prest grapes in Autumne flow,
Wherewith his drowisie head and wither'd garland
I would bedew; till to his twinkling eyes
Each rapour should present a double light,
While waggish Boyes should with their wanton Songs
Prepare our thoughts to our ensuing pleasures.

Ang. Fie, fie, *Nugella*, no lasciviousnesse
Can ere become solemnities, that must
Create us Matrons; there is cause to feare
Their chastity, that unchast songs can heare.

Nug. Is it a shame to lend our eares to that
We are allow'd to doe?

Ang. Yes many things
Are lawfull, and yet shamefull to be done
Or spoken publikely.

Nug. A woman may
Be free in outward Gesture, yet preserve
An inward chastity; and I know many
Both rich and noble Ladies so dispos'd.

Ang. Tis not the glittering canopy of greatnesse,
But th' humble vail of modesty must guard

A Tragedy.

A womans fame ; which being once throwne off
Leaves her expos'd to every bold assault.

Nug. But when she's found impregnable, 'twill stop
Their vaine attempts.

Ang. A fort cannot be thought
Impregnable, that offers frequent parlies.

Nug. Yet that (as I have heard) is often done
To gaine advantage and delude the foe:

Ang. Can it be seeme a Virgin or a Wife
To play with all th' allurements of desire ;
And thinke her honour's safe if she abstaine
From the bare act, the duller part of lust ?

Nug. They doe burleske those Chariot-drivers
That you were wont to read of, whose praise was
To come as neare as might be, and not touch ;
Love hath ordained by an antique law
Newly reviv'd, that every place and roome
In Venus pallace, be allow'd for sport,
Except her cabinet, that must not be
Open'd nor touch't, at least not willingly.

Ang. Thou wilt be waggish still ? But hark who knocks ?
This wench that never felt the fire of love
Thinks like a wanton Child, it may be plaid with,
But she will finde it one day far more raging,
Than that which fierce *Medea* did convey
Into *Creüsa's* robe : how now ? who is't ?

Nug. A stranger, with a letter, which he saies
He must present to your owne hand.

Ang. Admit him ;
If it be from my *Doria*, I feare
Some unexpected accident, where in
His honour is concern'd, retards his coming,

IMPERIALE,

But I must likewise arme my selfe for wiles;
Such love as ours cannot want envious plots.

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

Doria disguised. Angelica. Nagella.

I Shall not be discover'd by my voyce,
Italian Virgins are at distance woo'd;
And more by fame than verball courtship won:
This speaks my errand, leaves no circumstance
To be related by the messenger:
See how her bloud retirés, to ayd her heart,
So looks bright *Phoebe*, when *Theſſalian* charms
Strike her with feare; or th'early Rose, whose beauty
Nipt by a latter frost, appears like snow:
Now it returnes, and fertiles in her cheeks,
As if the newes tooke no impression:
Such orient beams when youthfull day returnes,
By the bedewed Shepheard are beheld.

Ang. I may suppose you, Sir, not ignorant
Of what you bring; and may believe y'have heard
Something of yong Prince *Doria* and me.

Dor. Lady, I have; fame with her silver trumpet
Hath blaz'd your constant loves.

Ang. And are you not
Strangely amaz'd, to see me read these lines
Without a showre of tears?

Dor. If they import
Any disaster, you then imitate
Those ancient *worthies*, that had bravely learn'd

To

To conquer passion at the first assault,

Nug. You think yong women very impatient
To have their joyes defer'd; my Ladic's wife
To beare it thus, so long as he is safe.

Ang. Hee's dead, *Nugella*; the great Generall
Writes me, that he having the sole command
Of an important place, forooke the same,
And in his swift retrain, receiv'd a shot
I'th hinder part of's head.

Nug. O dolefull accident!

Ang. Canst thou be so ingratefull to my *Doria*,
To lend it such a serious belife,
As may deserve a teare?

Nug. I would I durst
Suspect what comes so to our woe confirm'd.

Ang. Were it confirm'd by the unerring scale
Of this wise state, it should not merit faith.

Nug. Alas! he was not to be thought immortal.

Ang. But was he not to be acknowledg'd valiant?
That attribute his foes did not deny him:
Had these contrived lines contain'd but this,
Brave *Doria*'s flaine, a torrent, hence, had gush't,
That like *Alpheus*, had through earth and sea
Wander'd unmixt, rill in the gulfes of death,
It should have lost it selfe in seeking him.

But when I find impossibilities
Basely obtruded, my true love disdaines
To lend belife to any circumstance:

Mars could as soon be frighted from his spheare,
As he from any charge he undertooke:
'Tis a malicious scandall, and although
My nature ev'n abhors to use a stranger,

With

IMPERIALE,

With any incivility, yet I'm forc'd
To tax the bearer with this vile imposture.

Dor. By great Saint *George*, the Patron of this State,
Doria himselfe is not more innocent.

Ang. That name is sacred, let me then conjure thee
To answer truly but to this one question.

Dor. I shall.

Ang. Was there before you left the Army,
Any report of this sad newes you brought?

Dor. I dare not say there was.

Ang. The Palace cracks
When such a pillar falls: the Generall
One of those many which my fortune wou'd,
Envious that *Doria* gain'd both that and me,
And knowing well, that valour alwayes is
The speciall object of a noble love,
Attempted thus to shake my constancy:
But if the fates should prove so cruell to me,
To make me survive him, this is my vow,
To stand for ever like sad *Niobe*,
A weeping statue to his memory.

Dor. Never did such a vertuous courage rest,
In the calme harbour of a Vingins breast.

Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.

Spinola.

AS the slie Fowler having over night,
Set cunningly his artificiall net,
Early returnes, with an assured hope

To

To finde the fowle insnar'd: so are my thoughts
 Wholly possess'd with present expectation
 Of the glad news of my successfull plot;
 The managing whereof, I never can
 Within my selfe sufficiently applaud:
 I have not like rash *Piso*, foolishly
 Dispers'd my trust; nor like the sons of *Brutus*,
 Disclos'd my secret where a servant might
 Discover, and betray; my warinesse
 In a safe garden whisper'd my designe,
 And but to one, that if it should miscarry,
 And he through feare or punishment confesse;
 Yet I am sure to have but one accuser,
 Whose testimony my power and bold deniall
 Will easily convince; but these mistrusts
 Are altogether needlesse: I may be
 As confident as those *Sicilians*,
 Who when their chiefe confederat was surpriz'd,
 So much reli'd upon his resolution,
 As that not any of them would flye,
 And so conceal'd their bold conspiracy.
 Behold my kinsmen bringing joyfull newes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Quarta.

Evagrio, Fidele, Spinola.

O H that I were snatch't up into the Sky,
 And there transform'd into a cloud, that so
 I might dissolve into a shewre of tears!
Fid. Can the day see such mischief, and be seen?

IMPERIALE,

And not make haste to shrowd his guilty head
Under the gloomy Canopy of night?

Spin. What earthquake? what prodigious spectacle
Hath strook you both with horror?

Erag. Oh he's dead!

Spin. Why should that so amaze or you, or me,
Since death must be the lot of every man?

Fid. Alas, your sonne.

Spin. How can it concern him?

Erag. Great Sir, your dear and only son is slain,

Spin. How's this?

Fid. He's murder'd sacrilegiously
Even in the Temple-porch, he was disguis'd,
And thought of all I have bin *Imperiale*,

Spin. I am undone.

Fid. The desperate actor was

Clad in a countrey habit, (and it seems,)
Mistook the person; when he saw his face,
He tore his viperous haire; the Judge was present,
Who gave command to bring him instantly,
To receive speedy judgement.

Spin. Over reacht

In mine own plot? the sword of my revenge
Turn'd on my selfe, & drown'd in mine own bowels?
I am betrayd, yet cannot suspect how;
It could not be by mortall subtilty,
It was some Diuel lurking in the ayre;
How shall I be reveng'd? O that he would
Assume a humane body, that I might
Encounter him! but I have found the way,
I'll study the black Art, turn Conjuror,
And then impose a labour on them all,

Worse

A Tragedy.

Worse then *Ixion* or the *Belides*
Are said to undergoe.

Eva. We have done ill,
To rush upon him with such violence;
The sudden grief hath half distracted him;
We'll strive to temper it with better hopes.
Things may not be so bad as our affections
Have made us feare; *Francisco Spinola*
Was often nam'd.

Fid. But neither of us both
Can say we saw him dead.

Spin. Nay then I see
Y'are Villaines hir'd, suborn'd to undermine me:
First you confound me with your horrid newes,
And then confesse ye may be both mistaken:
But I am arm'd with patience, if *Imperial*
Retaining still his late abjured malice,
Hath by some hellish Art contriv'd this mischief,
I may in just resentment of my wrongs,
Implore heavens vengeance on his perjur'd head,
And this is all y' are like to scrue from me. (doubt us,

Fid. Let not your troubled thoughts make you
Who for his life would sacrifice our owne.

Sp. I will devise a stratagem, shall neede
No other hand but this, which I'll conceal
From my owne selfe, till th' instant time of Action;
For if I should disclose it in a place
Where there are trees, or flowers, I am betray'd:
I would not breathe it forth, unlesse it were
After a dreadful thunder, that had purg'd
The ayre, and frighted thence those subrill spies,
That to our foes by night betray our plots.

IMPERIALE,

Eva. You have a faithfull friend, to whom you
Safely powre out the secrets of your heart, (may
The wise *Iustinian*.

Spin. O that name is like
A precious balme to cure the wounds of fortune!

Fid. Please you retire, I'll bring him presently.

Spi. No wilde rebellion of my passions can
Make me neglect the friendship of that man.

Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.

Molosso, Imperiale.

NOW you may see, sir, you were not abus'd
In our discovery, and I hope you finde
My undertakings and your trust made good.

Imp. The Sunne at noon is not more cleerly seen:
But may it not breed a suspition
That he was clad like me?

Mol. Why sir you know
'Tis now th'usurly time of *Carnivall*,
When every man takes what disguise he pleases.

Imp. But I much wonder how he was perswaded
To put himselfe so soone into my habit.

Mol. I brought him to a strong beleefe, that he
By that device and my assistance should
Convey away your daughter.

Imp. I intended
The Father should be punisht, not the son.

Mol. By this your vengeance is more exquisite;
Make your account that with the son y' have thrust |

The

A Tragedy.

The father through, who having found himselfe
O're-reacht by you, or by his owne just fate,
In such a counterplot, must needs at length
Become his owne dire executioner ;
In the mean time, his life is worse then death.

Imp. True, true ; death's the request of such : to die
Not wretched is, but to live wretchedly :
Vengeance is meer compassion when we kill :
I feele a joy beyond expression :
There is no pleasure like to sweet revenge :
But I desire things should be carried so
That I be still reputed innocent.

Mol. That's my sole care, the Brave in th'act was taken,
And by commandment of the present Judge,
Is brought already to receive his triall.

Imp. Thou shalt do well to hearken aloofe off :
I'll take no notice but in generall,
And will proceed in our intended mirth.

Mol. By all means fir.

Imp. We must at this time shun
Unusuall privacy ; keep thou thy distance,
But know, that both my life and fortunes are
Most willingly committed to thy care.

Actus Tertius. Scena sexta.

Judge, Doctor, Witnesses, Verdugo, Officers.

Since it hath been the custome of this State
To place a stranger on this high Tribunall,
Ordaining a professor of the Lawes,

IMPERIALE,

As his assistant (b'ing the place you hold)
It is our duty to discharge that trust
With all integrity and not to look
Upon mens persons, but to weigh their crimes
In equall ballance, to which purpose now,
Although a strange and horrid sacriledge
Hath call'd us hither in unusuall haste;
Yet it must be our chief care to proceed
With due deliberation; otherwise
Though just our sentence be, we are unjust.

Doct. I have for some years had the happiness
To be a witness of your constant session,
In all which time I have not heard a sentence
Pronounc't by you, that envy could pervert.

Jud. We must not think we deserve praise for that,
Which to neglect would merit punishment.

Doct. But yet there are degrees of good and ill,
Wherein the actor takes a liberty.

Jud. Yet where the Law prescribes a certain rule,
A just Judge cannot challenge liberty:
But let us now pursue the work in hand,
Where is the prisoner?

Off. Heere.

Doct. Let him draw neare.

Jud. His name?

Off. He calls himselfe *Verdugo*, sir.

Jud. Then know, *Verdugo*, though thy hainous fact
Be evident, yet the Justice of this state
Grants thee free leave to answer for thy selfe.

Ver. I thanke the State for their set complement.

Jud. Bring forth the witnesses that he may see 'hem.

Off. They are both here, if please your Excellence.

Jud.

A Tragedy.

Jud. Have they been sworn?

Dos. Yes both, sir, before me.

Jud. Then by the oath y^e have tane, declare the truth
Of what you know concerning this delinquent;
Begin you first.

Wit. 1. About some three hours since
B'ing in the *Dome*, I esp'd this man
At his first entrance, and although I never
To my remembrance saw his face before,
Yet instantly I found a strange dislike
Of his aspect, which did increase the more,
Because I saw him often fix his eyes
On him he slew, whom I conceiv'd to be
Signior *Imperiale*; I reveal'd my thoughts
To this yong man who then stood next me, who
Concurring with me did resolve, as I
To watch him narrowly, we both agreed
To keep on either side of him, at length
I'th midst of all the crowd, raising his arme
To fetch his blow, he hit me with his elbow,
At which I suddenly layd hold on him,
Supposing he had snatcht at some mans purse,
But then I saw drop from his hand the sheath
Of that dire weapon he had newly buried,
In the warm bowels of that Gentleman.

Wit. 2. Most part of this I aver, I stood so near him
That I perceiv'd the motion of his arme,
And looking down, spi'd bloud upon his hand.

Vcr. The Canker take your Physiognomy
That made you try conclusions upon me.

Jud. There cannot be more clear and pregnant proof;
What have you to alledge in your defence?

Dos. He hath confest the fact,

Jud.

IMPERIALE,

Iud. Hath he confest
Who set him on, whether he meant to kill
Signior Imperial or yong Spinola?

Ver. The one had done me wrong, but destiny
Made th' other take a *Carnival* disguise
Somewhat too soone.

Iud. Such recreations,
Though in themselves they be indifferent,
Yet in a sacred Temple th' are prophane,
And draw downe vengeance.

Ver. Had there bin but hope
To have enervated their testimony,
The racke, nor the Strappado, no nor yet
The subtiler torment both of fire and water
Should have inforc'd me to the least confession:
But 'tis my fate, and therefore let me heare
My passing bell, my doome quickly pronounc'd;
For 'twere ridiculous to expect favour,
Since your integrity (as you confest)
May not shew any, where the law condemnes.

DoR. Dar'st thou deride the Iudge;

Iud. Let him alone,
He hath no sence of his owne misery,
His boldnesse moves not me, I shall proceed
With the unchanged countenance of Law,
And with a voyce not furious, but severe;
When I condemne a guilty man, 'tis done,
As if I strooke a Serpent, not with passion.

DoR. His wicked acts have hard'ned him, he came
No novice to this cruell enterprize;
In Venice he climbing a Ladder, shot
Through the glasse window a *Clarissmo*

Sitting

Sitting at supper, drew a Countess Naples
 In his foreign garden having first others
 A place where he might scale the wall, & escape
 And that his wants may not obtrude the guilt
 Upon his fortune, he had lately ravish't
 A yong and noble virgin in Sicke
 The onely daughter of *Perenna*

Ver. Can that be thought to be a great offence?

Dor. The harmles man thinks it no great offence,
 With hot and beastly lust to violate
 A Damsell, at the most but ten yeares old

Ver. Beleeve it, I have found 'hem good at eight:
 Why there are many like *Quarilla*, Sir
 Remember not that they were ever maids

Iud. He takes delight not onely in the act
 But in the infamy of wickednesse,
 But I will rid the world of such a monster;
 And therefore now, *Vindicta*, I pronounce
 Because th' hast heap'd up crimes, and drunke in vice,
 Which is disfigureing every limb,
 Thy body shall be laid upon a wheele,
 And limb by limb be broken, till thou dyest
 Nor shalt thou then finde any other grave
 Than the black maw of *Vulcanus*, and remaine
 In the meane time a spectacle to men
 This sentence justice hath declar'd by me.

Ver. Sir?

Iud. Nor to be revok't, take him away
 And early in the morning see he done

Ver. I'll beare it manfully, although I feele
Pixion like the torment of the wheel

Iud. Such malefactor in a State, are like

IMPRIMALE,

To putrified members in a many body,
Which like a rotten smell, doth offend the nose
To corrupt the air, and so the whole.

Chorus of voices

Love built on vanity,
Led by a rash crew,
To error, the steps of the
The harmless man, his friend.

True love is constant, and true
That shall be true, and true
Believe it, I have found them good at sight.

As they were, and were
Are not believed, when they were
That which is true, when they were

A story false in part, and
But I will rid the world of
And therefore now, I have found them good at sight.

On fallow ground, and
Which is disposed
Do study others, and
And limb by limb be broken

They plotted their ruin
Than the place, and
In the mean time, and
This sentence justice hath declared by me.

But how are these amur'd, when they
Being about to find their prey,
Find themselves caught, yet do not know
From whence they are taken, the blow?

Like him that hid his gold in hope
To keep it safe, but found a rope?

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Though they could blinde and bribe the law,
 And keep all witness in awe
 By their great power, & though they could make
 By cunning the whole State mistake
 Yet can they be so void of sense,
 To think to cozen Providence
 Of a grave judge, were for the time a peer,
 See where he comes, & how he peers
 His tury often in Portentous robes
 And seems to be the Lord of Hosts
 He aged with great age, & great
 When the world was new, & the world was old
 His sparkling created
 And so abhor, unparallel'd

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Evagrius, Justinianus.

Blest be thy sight, all the sight of heaven
 His eyes appear like fire, his colour change
 He grows more red, and takes on him
 Sometimes he folds his arms, and then
 Then strikes his angry foot against the ground
 I see a vast world in his hand
 As at the first; and I shall pity him
 And never cease to love him
 From this time forth, I shall love him
 He breaks the law, and breaks the law
 I see a vast world in his hand
 As at the first; and I shall pity him
 And never cease to love him
 From this time forth, I shall love him
 He breaks the law, and breaks the law

IMPERIALE,

Of a hurt fancy; he's of a high spirit
Apt to resent a wrong (if it should be)
From fate it sent, but where he takes it
On whom a man may vent his rage
Eva. True sir, his rising passion on your name
Like a tumultuous multitude of men
Of a grave judge, were for the time appeas'd;
See where he comes, I pray observe the man
His fury often in Poets is imagin'd
And seems to be that which the poets say
He acted with so great apostrophe
When the whole Court was his speaker
His Uncle being created Cardinal

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

Spinola, Iulianus, Evagrio.

Spinola, Iulianus, Evagrio.

YE Furies, active ministers of hell;
That know the souls of men are sold
And sell them to the devil as he will
Lend me your aid, and let me see
And punish the guilt of my dear country
Assist me with a new revenge
Such as you have on others seen
Let a vast sea of blood be shed
And never ebbe till I shall pity him;
Ease now th' infernally glowing stone
From th' Antick thicke, and lay it on his shoulders;
Let the swift Agony drive his endless thirst
And let his hands be wrung by the unquenchable wheels

That hourly tortures me, *But I have slain*
 But let he that is my foe, *But I have slain*
 One of the first of my foes, *But I have slain*
 Let him admit that man into her room,
 And with their Father's only load his arms,
 How am I sure 'tis he? or if it be,
 It is the Law of Retribution,
 And is but just, my conscience tells me so,
 Hence childish conscience, shall I live his foe,
 Or the whole of his past sins I abhor it,
 Were he protected by the gods,
 I'd snatch him from his bed, and in his place
 Of his revengeful hand, I'd put him in,
 Into the throat of the Infernal dog,
 Or if that monster be not yet dead,
 Since great gods drag him with a chain,
 Through the air, I'd drag him down to hell,
 That with his earth-bred sinners he might dwell,
 Rather than he shall scape, shall fire the world,
 But delay, and waste away the time,
 With empty words, while I call for him,
 That bears the burden of my sin,
 Than Acheron and Styx, did ever hell,
 He dare my life till I have gained him,
 Have I no friend? *Engaged by the threat of Hell,*
 At thy command, I'll do as thou wilt,
 In a more valiant way to crush than fury,
 And to restore brave souls to liberty,
Sp. O faithfull soul! my dear *My dear*
Sp. A heavy fate, yet such as should be borne
 Without so strange a tumult, what you give

IMPERIALE,

T'unbridled rage you take from your revenge,
Spi. Wilt thou allow me to take vengeance? (peak
 But speak *Justice* wish thy worsted faith
Just. Yes, such as Law and Justice shall allow.
Spi. I have no skill in Law, and as for Justice,
 Your learned Sericks make it but a doole,
 A very *Animall*.
Just. 'Tis now not seasonable
 To tell you whether *Justice* *Fire* is
 And other virtues may be called creatures,
 But I must tell you that no creature can
 Be happy wanting them, whereof that man
 Deprives himselfe then he brings his reason
 On which they all depend, to brutish passion,
 Could you but be perswaded to reflect
 Upon your selfe in soe as in a glasse,
 What a deformity this vice hath brought
 Upon your soule, although you had not
 You would embrace me for a foole.
Spi. Deme *Justice*
 Fortune hath nothing left that's worth my hope
 But thy *Justice* in thy sword command
 I would attempt to win the wild land
 When *Salomon* and *Demetrius* were
 Expose my selfe in the fierce Dragons jaws,
 Enraged by the theft of *Hercules*:
 At thy command I'll hark, what's that?
 It is the voice of my friend for the sake
 For vengeance, for the where he stands and points
 At his full bleeding wound
 When he had been a slave, had he not
 Did you not see him
 Without to strange a tumult
 Unbridled

Iust. No, nor you your selfe
 'Twas nothing but a strong impression made
 In your disturb'd imagination.
Spi. Could both mine eyes and eares be so deceiv'd?
Iust. That happens often to perplexed minde.
Spi. Alas, what shall I doe?
Iust. Let me perswade you
 But to retire, perhaps some milde repose
 May softly steale upon your troubled spirits
 To give you ease.
Spi. If you will have it so,
 My passions in my breast shall silence keep.
 I'll be as tame as (what you wish me) sleep.
Iust. Wait on him in, I'll follow presently.

Actus Quartus, Scena Tertia.

Infirmitas.

THe unexpected death of his dear sonne
 So wounds his soul, that his distracted thoughts
 Suggest beleefe, he saw and heard him speake;
 But that cannot seeme strange, if we consider
 Not onely what delusions fancy shapeth,
 But what effects it really produces:
 For certainly it can procure and cure
 All sorts of maladies: to that alone
 Some Naturallists impute the greatest part
 Of humane accidents, and even of those
 Predictions, transformations, prodigies
 Of birth and spectacle, which superstition

Hath

IMPERIALE,

Hath usually proclaimed miracles:
 All which by powerfull working on our spirits,
 And bending forcibly our passions
 Imagination causeth, though it be
 A faculty coincident to Brutes,
 Receiving objects from the common sense,
 But these his perturbations I suspect
 To flow from mixt affections, griefe, and anger,
 The last of which possesseth most the blood
 And humors of *Italians*, and I doubt
 That he thereby having involy'd himselfe
 In that which is our Nations crime, *Revenge*,
 Hath bin by this other faction undermin'd:
 If this be, his disease is curable;
 Yet so, as every vertuous man must thinke
 The remedy as bad as the disease,
 Unlesse strict Justice doe become his avenger,
 Or that their own sad fates appease his rage:
 O how it wounds my heart to see my friend,
 And one that truly meriteth that name
 (But for that vice, whereof not to be guilty
 Is made a vice here, by the Tyrant *Calpurne*)
 Plung'd in distress, that cannot receive counsell
 But could be once with safety be restor'd
 To his owne native gentility,
 He would detest such crimes, his candid soule
 Appeares in this, that in the midst of fury
 The sight or name of him he lov'd before
 Can *Orpheus* like calme his enraged spirit
 I therefore am oblig'd by sacred friendship,
 Even to devote my selfe to all just means
 Of his recovery, and I will performe it;

Hath

To

To curb *Outsiders* (if the Heavens so please) in I. i. i. f
There shall not want a faithfull *Pythias*.

Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.

*Imperiale, Honoria, Angelica, servants, Friends,
Doria, Maskers.*

Are all things ready?

Ser. Yes Sir.

Imp. Noble friends,
Your presence gives addition to the honour,
Which some yong Gentlemen are pleas'd to do me
In the free presentation of their mirth,
Most seasonable in time of *Carnival*,
And fit to celebrate this joyfull feast,
Which we may challenge as our holy day.

Fri. 1. The honour of this day chiefly belongs
To you, and to your family; but yet
The benefit redounds to the whole State,
Which every yeare is thankfully acknowledg'd.

Fri. 2. The State by such acknowledgement invites
All generous spirits beyond common duty,
To venture life and fortune for her safety.

Imp. This Common wealth, that makes them truly
Who share the blessings of her government,
Disdains not, like a tyranny, to owe
A benefit to subjects; nor rewards
With banishment, in stead of Bayes their merit:
But hark, musick proclaims the Maskers comming;
Be pleas'd to take your places, there are seats.

H

Fri.

I M A G I N E,

Fri. 1. I must chav leave to place your daughter fit,
She that is once betroth'd is a Bride.

Imp. 'Twere incivility in her, or us,
If you request it, not to be uncivill;

Sit down, *Angelica*.

Hon. Sit down, sit down,
Our friends desires are in our house commands.

• A Boy, clad like a nuptiall Geniu, sings this song.

Come Hymen, light thy full branch'd Pine,
And let a rose wreath intwine
Thy reeking brow; let thy brave fire
With tapers burne upon his face;
While waggish Jests are with rimmes
Taxing the follies of the times;
Spare not their masters; who are now
Content this freedom to allow;
Thus the chaste grudge of the Bride
Must be by pleasant rites untied;
But let dark flames bring to bed
Such as want Hymen when they wed.

The song ended, Hymen appears with Rescuing youth
dancing an antique dance; toward the end of which dance,
Prince Doria personating Thalassius, presents himselfe
with other yong Gentlemen his friends, representing the first
Roman Souldiers with their Swords drawne: At this sight
Hymen and his company breake off abruptly, and banish
confusedly; then they sheath their swords, and fall into a
martiall dance, at the conclusion whereof, Doria suddenly
embraceth Angelica, the Masquers all crying out:

Mas.

Mas. For *Thalassius*, for *Thalassius*.

Imp. Though custome challengeth a liberty
To take our wives and daughters forth to read
A measure without scandal, yet to embrace
And whisper too, requires a better warrant
Than *Carnivall* permission, it implies
Domesticke priviledge, or an affront.

Mas. For *Thalassius*, for *Thalassius*.

Imp. That voyce was frequent at a publicke rape,
But sacred hospitality forbids
All jealousie of any ill intent.

Dor. Not, as the Romans when they had betrayd
The Sabine Virgins, do my glad friends make
These acclamations of *Thalassius*,
But rather as a more auspicious name
Than that of drouse and lascivious *Hymen*,
Behold the late Ambassadour himselfe
Thus contradicts his owne saide embasie.

Ang. My *Doris*!

Hon. O perfect happinesse!

Fri. 1. See how Prince *Doris* hath surpriz'd us all,
Transform'd into a nuptiall Deitie.

Imp. My doubt is in the better sence resolv'd
You may perceive y^e are welcome by the joy
Exprest both by my daughter and my wife,
In no drie complement, but in a moist
And silent Oratory.

Dor. Which workes more
On my affections, than a golden tongue
But tell me, my divine *Angelica*,
How could'st thou at the tidings of my death,
Put on a valiant intrepidity

IMPERIALLE,

And when thou find'st me safe burst out in tears.

Ang. To lend beliefe to any ill report
Of a known friend, although avert'd with boldnes,
In common friendship were unpardonable,
Much more in such a love as mine, which finding
In a maine part a manifest untruth
Was for your honour bound to flight the rest,
And though there be a contrariety
In the conclusion of our joy and griefe,
Yet both are oftentimes express'd by tears.

Dor. I could not entertaine, nor then, nor now,
The least suspicion of thy constancy,
But true love delights to please itselfe
With such disguises, and to finde by trials
Our owne assurance many wayes confirm'd;
Nor had I ventur'd to disturb thy thoughts,
Which thy discerning judgement did prevent,
But that I had a present remedy.

Ang. I might have safely tasted what the Medes
Or the fierce Parthian dips his arrows in,
So long as there was such an antidote.

Dor. Were I left helpless by *Machons* art,
Thy presence hath a vertue would restore me;
Pandora on whom each Deity bestow'd
A severall gift, was not endow'd like thee.

Imp. So soone at strife if you will needs contend
Who shall love best, I'll put you both together.

Dor. He whose ambition made him weep and sweat
Within the narrow limits of one world,
Did never thirst so much for fame and glory
As I for that encounter, in which combat
Whether I vanquish, or be vanquished,

ACTUS Quartus. Scena Sexta.
I shall not envy *Pompey* or *Cæsar* triumphs.
In the mean time I'll crave an houre or two
For preparation of some necessaries,
Whereof my absence makes me defective.

Imp. Troth my occasions have the like request;
And therefore if this noble company
Will honour us to morrow with their presence,
We shall endeavour to requite their loves.

1 Fri. Most willingly.

2 Fri. And at your nuptiall feast,
Wee'll wish that every grace may be your guest.

Dor. I'll soon return, my heart with thee shall stay
As a sure pawne.

Aug. You carry mine away.

Imp. You have some business too must be dispatcht;
Go, lose no time; *Molosso* come thou hither,
I leave thee in my absence to take care
That supper be prepar'd, and tell the Steward
That great revenue *perfunory*, now
Must be by us neglected: thriving men
In charges that come seldome, are profuse.

ACTUS Quartus. Scena Sexta.

Molosso.

I shall sir, yes, by that time you returne,
You shall confesse you have a skilfull Cater:
Why should proud grear nesse undervalue us,
And our condition, since there is no slave
But is in blood extracted from a King,

IMPERIALE,

No King but is descended from a slave.
 All sorts of men are they nor actual slaves?
 The Courtier though he dazels vulgar eyes
 With choice of glittering suits, knows he subsists
 By suits beg'd servilely: the rich Banquier
 Enthrals his debtor, and his money him;
 This Captaine is a Captive to that wench;
 This Magistrate to bribes; that Lord to pride;
 This Statesman to ambition; all to feare:
 From which we only that have nought to lose
 Are free, and that shall suddenly appeare;
 I'll send the servants forth, that *Sango* and I
 May act our parts with more security.
 See how the fates themselves have help'd to bring
 The beast into my toile, and made both him
 And his whole house the subject of my vengeance;
 My joy is such I cannot temper it:
 As when the Bloud-hound in a leash b'ing led,
 Noseth the ground, and while the prey's far off,
 Spares both his mouth and feet, but drawing neare,
 Will open wide, and drag away his leader:
 So are my thoughts transported, I'll away,
 My fury calls for bloud, and I obey.

Chorus of two.

1 **U**Ndoubted friendship having made
 A strong impression in the minde,
 Though wilde distempers doe invade
 Our reason, can their fury binde.
 Love in distracted thoughts may beare
 As great a sway as servile feare.

ACT IV Tragedy

2 He whose strange passions are his foes,
Is happy in a faithfull friend,
That will assist him to compose
Those strifes that to his ruine tend,
A true friend wishes not a cause,
But when there's need, he ne're withdraws.

1 A Lover with no ill intent,
will Proteus-like new formes devise,
He faines to be on errands sent,
And then himselfe he will disguise
Like to a god, Love loves to stray,
And seldome keeps the beaten way.

2 But now the fatal time draws neare,
wherein the error, and th' offence
Of Imperiale will appeare,
To trust the slave he did incense,
And to encourage him to a
what he once thought a hainous fact.

1 But may there not be some excuse,
At least to mitigate his fault;
That he could not expect a truce,
And that he found his owne life sought?
It hath been counted justice still,
Rather than to be kill'd, to kill.

2 There's no excuse can purge the guilt
That murder brings; we must not take
Our owne revenge, blood by us spilt,
will our whole off-spring guilty make:

Then

IMPERIALE,

Then let's not blame *heaven's* justice, when
Great plagues doe light on vertuous men.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Fidele, Evagrio.

WE see there is small hope that gentle sleep
Can find admittance to his troubled thoughts
While rage distracts 'hem; he's no sooner laid
To rest upon his couch, but up he starts.

Eva. The wise *Justinian* means this night to bring
Some select musick that may rock his senses
Into a slumber with *Solian* tunes
Compos'd to allay wild passions; we are all
Eternally oblig'd to that good man;
Who though he be with heavy sorrow mov'd
To see his friend in such necessity,
Ev'n of his help, yet is resolv'd to employ
His constant care, nor will he ever thinke
His debt of friendship paid by any labour.

Fid. What will become of us if he miscarry?
We are his Kinsmen, and have no subsistence
But by his onely bounty; I receiv'd
A deadly wound in the deplored death
Of his deare son, who oft was pleas'd to bid me
Throw all my care on him, and now I finde
My hopefull venture sunk in that brave ship.

Eva. To lose our friends and fortunes, I confesse,
Is that which needs must shake the firmest mindes,
But when there is no hope for us to increase

Our

Our own affliction, and to lose our spirits,
Is an infirmity beneath a man:
Why should we doubt his safe recovery,
Since passion as we see, doth but disturb
His reason, not destroy't: when he's at work,
Hee'll hearken to the counsell of his friend.

Fid. How earnestly he begs, that he may speake
With *Imperiale* and seemes *Iulianus*
Already condescends to his request;
Me thinks that should not be, since he suspects
Him to be privy to *Francesco's* death.

Eva. No doubt *Iulianus* understands what's fit:
Perchance if once he shall his mind unburden
His passions may remit, or he may seeme
To promise, 'cause he would not have him cross;
These things we wholly must commit to him,
Whose Iudgement's not inferior to his love:
He wish'd us but withdraw a while, wee must
Not be farre off, lest hee should chance to call;
For what so'r occasion they should have
There's none but we'r assist: *Sango* the slave
Hath taken liberty to go abroad
At his own pleasure, who would think the Villain
Durst venture to be absent at this tyme?

Fid. I have observ'd a wondrous league of late
Betweene him and his Cousin slave: how e're
Their Lords are far asunder, they are neere.

Eva. 'Tis ever best when such as they are kept
To dayly labor, the least ease corrupts them.

Fid. There might perchance be som discovery made
If they were both examined apart,
And made beleve each other had conselt.

IMPERIALLE.

EVA. Some plot it like, to steal a silver spoon
To purchase Opium, or the dragg Dubar
That is the help of those ambitious men
But harke, they shoud be pritty low thoun
And I'll take order to have Sanguin-ton.

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

Enter Porter, Cook.

Thou blowest as much as he that carries
An Ox upon his shoulders, let it down,
There's for thy pains.

Por. From I was a heavy burthen.

Cat. There's six allans smoke.

Por. I thank you, sir.

Cooke. Me thinks Moloss might have sav'd this charge
And beene himseife the Porter.

Cat. Who? the Slaves?

He's now our *Major-Domo*, our Lord told me
He would deliver his commands by him,
He gave me order to make this provision.

Cooke. I like him, he begins his government
With bounty, now the Cooke may shew his skill,
Since I came hither I have bin confin'd
To severall fallers, porrage with scrap cheese,
And a few *Vermicelle*, such flight dishes,
O when I serv'd the Grand-Dukes master Cooke,
How we were all imploy'd! I can remember,
What lectures of our mistery hee'd reade,
Stiling the belly master of all arts,

And

And by a modell of his owne invention
Demonstrate how the antique Cookes were wont
To dresse the entire Boare, he was a Scholler
And would discourse of the delicious *Sumen*,
And of the noble patrons of the Kitchen
Both Greekes and Romanes; he was wont to speake
Most reverently of one *Apicius*.

Cat. Why what was he?

Cooke. A man of a brave stomack,
That spent upon his belly neare three millions,
And having cast up his accounts, and found
Only two hundred and od thousand crownes
Remayning to support his appetite,
Doubting he should be famish'd rather chose
To live by fasts, and end his life with poyson;
But prithy knock, there was another too,
One *Nomus*, but far shorr of him:
Will they per open, we shall all be shent,
Knock harder.

Cat. Sure they are a sleep, perhaps
The slave b'ing overleaven'd with his favour
Hath made himsele starke drunk; we shall disturbe
Our Lady and her Daughter, I much wonder
Mistis *Nugella* comes not to the doore.

Noyse within. Oh f

Cooke. What noyse is that within? some body

Cat. I will goe seeke our Patron. (groanes)

Cooke. Heere he comes.

Actus

(That is to me but foue shipes after shipwrack).
 Can satisfie your former injuries.
 I would have spent an age in base observance
 Onely to gaine this day, this happy houre
 That shall produce what no time shall forget.

Imp. I owe my life to thee and ever shall
 Make that acknowledgement, then doe not thou
 Destroy thine owne great merit.

Mol. Thinke nor fond man,
 I haue d thy life for any love of thee,
 But to reserve thee for a greater plague.

Imp. O my deare wife and daughter/where are they?

Mol. Both yet alive, the mischief's done already,
 But not the vengeance, thou shalt that behold,
 Till then ther's nothing can be cal'd revenge:
 Goe bring hem *Sango*, thou hast had thy fill.

San. Of *Verdea*, or as witty gallants use,
 T'expresse the full fruition of their love,
 Of *Nesbar*, sweeter far than that of *Love*.

Actus Quintus. Scena Quinta.

*Justiniano, Spinola, Imperiale, below; Molosso, Sango,
 Honoria, Angelica above.*

THE best Physicians in extremities,
 Allow their Patients what they most desire,
 Though n're so seeming hurtfull: when diseases
 Exceed their safe and usuall remedies,
 They many times are cur'd by contraries:
 What should this mean?

IMPERIALE,

Spi. (I must exact your promise)

Iust. Vpon condition you'll forbear all our rage.

Spi. See mee my bounds, and see if I transgress. I

Iust. Stand here then, and be silent.

Spi. Like a statue

Mol. Behold a payre of Brides, their haire display'd
Mute not to see them weep, the cause is light;

Imp. What is the wo that these strange figures import?
Speake my *Honorio*, my *Angelica*.

Hon. That which no womans tongue is fit to expresse,
Nor any humane eare fit to receive.

Im. Mine eares may heare, what such soft hearts
I have a breast prepar'd for misery.

Hon. Behold the *Molys*, the *Beares*, that our sad dreas
Fore-warn'd us of, which you did so despise.

Mo. Your heart now light the cause is, but a dream.

Hon. Our wretched story's told and understood,
I'th sole repetition of that vision;
The Jewels ravi'd from our innocent necks
Are our high prised honours, which these monsters,
When swords and direfull threats could not prevaile,
By cruell force assisting one another,
Wrung from us both.

Ang. Oh that heavens power had pleas'd
According to my fervent invocation,
To have transform'd me to some ugly monster,
That horror might have frighted away lust
Or been converted into sudden rage,
Whereby my life had ransom'd mine honour.

Im. Was there none neer to aid, where was *Nugello*?

Ho. Bound and the strangled all the rest were forth.

Im. What haste a wretched creature makes to hear
His owne dire wretchednesse, but now *Molosso*,

Since

A Tragedy.

Since thou hast cloy'd thy furious appetite,
Unbinde their tender hands, and send them downe,
That we may all condole their heavy fortunes.

Mol. If my revenge could have been satisfied
With what's already done, it had done nothing;
No, Beares and Wolves alway persist to death,
And I lament to find so narrow a Stage
To Act my vengeance on, as but two women:
Sango prepare.

San. Command and I obey.

Ang. Then there is hope to finde compassion
In more then Scythian breasts, ther's but that left
To expiate your former cruelty.

Im. O spare their lives and all shall be forgiven!

Mol. We are too farre embark't to hope or wish
To be forgiv'n; mischief's upheld by mischief.

Im. Alas poor souls, what crime have they comitted?

Mol. They are both thine *Imperial*, that's their crime,
Which cannot be washt off, but with their blood.

Im. Oh rather let thy fury fly on him
Who ownes that crime, and all thou canst object:
Slay me, and so thy fact may finde excuse,
Behold my breast I'll come and offer it.

Mol. Thou would'st perswade us to take pity on thee,
Wee'll strike thee heere, these are thy tender parts,
Where thou wilt be most sensible of paine.

Imp. They doe not act revenge, but cruelty,
That, for the nocent, kill the innocent.

Mol. Vengeance moves horror then, when innocents dy;
He acts but the Laws part, that kills the nocent.

Hon. Endeavour not to turne wild beasts to men;
Our lives are uselesse, you in us will lose

IMPERIALE,

A wife and daughter, but in you our Countrey
No lesse than we, a Husband and a father.

Ang. Although our ravish'd honours had not made
This life so heavy a burthen, we had knowne
A Widow, and an Orphan, to be marks
Of common wrong, and righted but by death.

Imp. But yet your pious lives might purge the guilt
Which time hath heap'd upon your fathers head,
To whom a present death may antidote
Some weeks, or moneths, or some few yeares at most.

Mo. These stripes afford 'hem comfort, lets dispatch.

Imp. Hold, hold, I beg but respite to depart.

Mo. So would the joy of our revenge depart.

It is the height of our triumphant glory,
That thou shalt see 'hem die, cast thine eyes up.

Im. I will not, slave, looke thou down, and despair
Thave me behold thy cruell insolence.

Sorrow and indignation joyne together
To swell these balls, and loosen all their strings,
That they may meet my hands — (*puls out his eyes,*

— which now have done

No more than what that sight alone would doe.
So shall the Sun and Moon, heavens rowling eyes,
Drop from their spheres at the worlds generall ruine,
T'avoid the spectacle; 'tis fit my light
Should be extinguish'd with my dearest objects.

Mol. What? hast thou so deluded us? thine eares,
Thou wantst eyes to see, shall heare their groanes.

Hon. Oh, oh! *Ang.* Oh oh!

Mol. I would have labour'd more for this revenge,
Than those that search the bowells of the earth
For Mynes, or dive into the Sea for pearles.

Imp.

A Tragedy.

Imp. Although before thy execrable deed
Thou did'st deny me death, yet I in life
Found out a way, t' exempt me from the living.

Actus Quintus. Scena sexta.

Doria, Imperiale, Malosso, Sango, Justiniano, Spinola.

WHose fortune should I envy, that am going
To take possession of a happinesse,
Great and (what crownes felicity) secure?
Such constant joy proceeds from vertuous love:
But soft, what unexpected change is heere?
Either mine eyes mistake, or my *Imperial*
Is quite depriv'd of his; alas, 'tis so:
I am amaz'd at this sad spectacle.

Imp. There can be none but yong Prince *Doria* left,
So apprehensive of my misery.

Dor. What strange Eclipse, or dire *Symphalides*
With their prodigious wings obscure the sun?
What cruell hand hath made us all thus wretched?

Imp. What thou behold'st, is the least part of mine,
And thine owne woe.

Dor. Where's my *Angelica*?

Imp. She and her mother are both vilely murder'd;
And that's not all, they both were ravish't first
By those two savage beasts.

Mol. 'Tis thy fate *Doria*
To be involv'd in that mans vow'd destruction.

Dor. Where am I now, in fruitfull *Italy*?
Or in *Hircania*, where there's nothing seene
But horrid monsters, and perpetuall snow?

IMPERIALLE,

O wickednesse that no age will believe,
 And all Posterity deny! malicious fate,
 That to my boundlesse misery addest this;
 To make me suffer barbarous wrongs from such
 As are not capable of my revenge!
 Were the sole Monarch of the world the actor,
 Or had he but conniv'd at the deed done
 By's lustfull sonne or minion; I might hope,
 Arm'd with the justice of my cause, to wrest
 The ill-swai'd scepter from him, and reduce
 Him and his race t' unparallel'd examples
 Of woetull pride, and miserable greatnesse.
 Then if abstracted spirits knowledge have
 Of humane vowes, looke downe deflowred Mayd,
 But yet no lesse a Virgin than a *Prisall*
 Since honour cannot stoop to punish slaves,
 Whose vile condition sinkes beneath that vengeance,
 'Bove which no tyrants power could hope to climb;
 And since thy cruell sufferings (blest soule)
 Require strict satisfaction; loe; I turne
 My fury on my selfe, and punish thus
 Mine owne malignant fortune:

Offers to kill himselfe.

————— who holds me?
 Forbear, I may not be disarm'd.

Iust. That man
 Who is transported by a desperate rage
 Disarmes himselfe; he that may hinder mischief,
 And yet permits it, is an accessory.

Dor. Noble *Justinian*; thou wert wont to be
 Full of compassion, shew it now, and end

A

A Tragedy,

Iust. That which had beene a crime
Nor to prevent, were wickednesse to act.

Dor. Restore me then my sword, it is not worse
To kill him that unwilling is to die,
Than t'hinder him that's willing.

Iust. If thou kill'st
Thy selfe, thereby thou dost confesse a guilt.

Dor. The guilty seldome in. & punishment
Upon themselves; what wretch can keepe a life
So full of misery?

Iust. Tis wretchednesse
Nor to be able to beare misery;
It is not as thou think' it renowned *Doria*,
A vertue to hate life; but to endure
These weighty strokes of Fortune valiantly;
And this becomes thy noble birth and spirir,
On which th' afflictions of the world should fall,
But as tempestuous showres into the Sea.

Dor. Thy counsell comes too late, sentence is given
By me upon my selfe, nor canst thou save,
Or yet relieve me; who resolves to die
Finds weapons every where; my mind could arm
These hands without a sword, but it disdaines
All borrowed aid, my weapons are within;
If sudden joy can speedy death command,
Why should I not grieve? and mine above all others?
Then summon all thy forces, mighty sorrow,
Contract this stubborn heart and stiffe it,
Deny it the bold privilege, to be
The last that feels the stroke of death: so, so,
It shoots a vapour that will poyson it,
And choake each passage of the vitall spirits;

IMPERIALE,

And now I feele it beat against my breast,
As if it gave th' alarm unto all
The organs of my life; O how it struggles,
Disdaining to submit! proud rebell down,
Thy ligaments are shrunke, and I approach
The place where Lovers after death reside,
Where I a Ghost will yet enjoy my Bride:
Wilt thou not yield? dost thou expect reliefe?
Time, that releaseth sorrow, shall not joyne
With refresh't nature to repaire thyruine;
I to a broken heart will add this doome,
No sustenance within these lips shall come.

Mol. Thy daughter, *Imperial*, is canoniz'd:
With contrite heart devout Prince *Doria*,
Hath vow'd a fast to his Saint *Angelica*.

Imp. I feele so great a weight of misery,
That I can scarce be sensible of more,
Although it be (what's harder to be borne
Than my calamity) a villains scorne.

Spi. Thus shall my silence breake, into remorse,
Not into rage, that scaver of the soule
Is quite converted to an *Apachie*;
Let me cry out to fate as *Hannibal*
At *Cannæ*, to his bloody Souldiers, spare;
Imperial know'st thou the voyce of *Spinola*?
By the most faithfull head of my *Justinian*
(Than which there cannot be a holier found)
I truly am mov'd with pity, thy sad story
Would melt a flinty heart into compassion;
Procrustes or the wild Inhabitants
Of horrid *Caucasus* are mild to these.

Imp. I know not, gentle *Spinola*, how thou

Canst

Canst accept thanks from mee, that have from thee
 Deserv'd so ill; it may not be suppos'd
 I can dissemble now, that Villaine there (ledge,
 Contriv'd thy deare sons death without my know-
 Though I am guilty of as great a crime:
 For I was willing, to my too late grieve
 Upon discovery made by thine owne Slave
 Of thy intent, to have the same retorted
 Upon thy selfe, the rest that wretch did plot,
 In whom I plac'd a wicked confidence;
 And did at length too much applaud the fact,
 From whence our mutuall miseries result.

Sp. Thy crime was but diversion of an evil;
 Whereof I hate the memory, and wish
 I could drinke deepe of *Lethe*, to forget
 That impious designe; and for these Villaines,
 I'll study a new punishment, that shall
 Transcend *Perillus* Bull, and all the torments
 Invented by the fierce *Sicilian* tyrants.

Mol. 'Tis wretchedness to feare where ther's no hope;
 Could'st thou believe, vaine *Spinola*, that wee
 Would undertake to act so bold a mischief,
 And not resolve upon as brave an end?
 We that have gained such a full revenge,
 Meane not to lose it by a poore submission
 To hopelesse mercy, or your new found torments;
 Though fortune made us wretched slaves to you,
 We both retaine some sparkes of th' active fire,
 Which the traditions of our Countrey tell us,
 Did somerimes flame in our *Numidian* breasts,
 Not yet so quencht by servitude, but we
 Have will and power to free our selves; behold

IMPERIALE,

Our liberty, these shall restore us now
To that equality that nature gave,
In which blinde chance hath put a difference;
One blow from these delinquenters, can make
An abject beggar equall to a King:

Sango keepe time.

San. I'm ready.

Mol. By consent

*The slaves pistoll
each other.*

We thus avoide and mocke your punishment.

Spi. The Harpies are flowne suddenly to hell,
And hang already on that hideous rock,
Where dreadful fiends lie gaping to receive hem;
But let me, sir, become your faithfull guide
To lead you to my house, where you shall live,
And want no comfort love or cost can give.

Imp. The onely comfort of a wretched soule
Is to despaire of comfort; I see not
The mansion guilty of such wickednesse,
But I am seene, a wretch, in G^h *hell*,
Where all my ancestors stand wreath'd with honour
I'll wander to a desert, or else clime
Some remote mountain, where dark clouds that hang
About his high erected head, shall hide me
From all the eyes of men; there I'll lament
My miseries in walling banishment.

Iust. What need we care how pow'rfull our foes be,
When slaves can bring us to such misery?
Whose in are cruelties at length appeare,
Though they the same may cunningly forbear,
For their own ends; it is not wisdom then
To place our trust in such condition'd men,
Whom punishments, and wants, and feares prepare
To hatred, to deceit, and to despaire:

Yc

A Tragedie.

A life loathed, this is the last time of H. v. 1. 1. 1.
Yet these are but poore instruments, the cause
That on our heads heaven's indignation drawes,
Springs from our selves, 'gainst which ther's no de-
Like th'armour of a spotlesse innocence. (fence

FINIS.
